

PS 1724

.F6 S7

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00002906922





STRAY

LEAVES

CONTAINING

POETIES

SENTIMENTAL AND HUMOROUS.

By H. A. FULLER, M. S.,

blind Lecturer, and Author of "Trimsharp's Account of Himself."

What matters it, the way I speak,
Through written line, or by the voice?
So I on wrong and error wreak
Just vengeance, and the truth rejoice.

Or if my mission I fulfill,
By merry hit or solemn stroke?
Enough! I'll work with ready will;
No time for sloth; our life's no joke.

TRIMSHARP.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

1724
F6 57



DEDICATED TO MY WIFE.

THE face we find within this picture
Is not her own, it is my stricture;
Because I love, where'er I roam
To think of her as safe at home,
And ready to receive me there.

Also the busy little sprite
Gathering the leaves both quaint and rare,
Is one of those who often light
Before me, when my wandering feet
Need guidance in the mazy street,
Or on life's darkened thoroughfare.

Stray Leaves.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by HARVEY A. FULLER, in the
Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

HE OBJECT of this Book, why not declare it,
Is to get gain, the means whereby to live ;
'Tis like all others, though their authors swear it,
None would believe them : none but surplus give.

It may be, after all, upon reflection,
These lines, though simple, may some truth unfold ;
Some gentle hint, some kindly retrospection,
To lift dull care, and profit young and old.

If so, the point is gained, for when the writer
And patient reader (or it may be savage)
Make fair exchange, both hearts will be the lighter,
And neither needs to rectify a ravage.

[SEE LAST PAGE.]

INVOCATION.



THOU invisible and uncreated God, who in the
Earliest events of time wert old as now, to Thee,
And not to muse, by human fancy formed, I lift
My prayer. O bless my song, inspire my thought,
And make each verse with sense replete. The bards
Who seek their inspiration from the Delphian gods
All miss their chancee The draughts they drink
Are second hand, polluted by the channel whence
They run ; the fountain of true song is found in Thee—
In Thee alone ! First, let me ask, for asking doth
Become me well, and Thou hast said, ask and receive—
The promise, with the precept closely joined, no limit
Bears. First, let me ask, that Thou wilt cleanse
My heart from everything impure—ambition, pride,
And all their train of selfish weeds, I pray uproot,
And plant, instead, sweet flowers of heavenly truth :
Which taking root in time, shall spring to bear
Eternal fruit in Paradise restored. Then, let this
Hand, which Thou hast made and fashioned like
Thine own—which wrote on flinty stone the changeless
Code—trace out these lessons well, that human
Eyes may read, and human hearts may thereby
Be refreshed.

C O N T E N T S .

	<small>PAGE</small>
Darkness at Noontide	5
The Storm	8
Penn Dennis	9
Consolation	10
The Difference	12
Our Pledge	13
In Memoriam	15
Our Alma Mater	16
Star of Our Hope	17
Health and Temperance	18
Light of Experience	19
Riches	20
How we Manage Hard Times	22
Hymn of Praise	23
Counsel to the Young	23
Vacation	24
Vacation Over	25
Our Band of Hope	25
Irish Logic	27
Impudence	27
Newly Fledged	28
Lines to My Wife	29
Ode to the St. Lawrence	30
Lines Addressed to a Mountain	31
Ode to the Sea	32
To the Memory of Hauy	33
Song of the Workers	34
When I am Old	35
Work and Pray	36
Song of the Heart	36
The Victor's Song	37
On the Train	38
The Devil Outdone	38
The Devil Ahead	41
After Election	41
The Blues	42
Why Should we Fret	43
To H. I. Burr, Esq.	44
Ideal Manhood	44
Bygones	45
Heaven	46
References and Address	48

STRAY LEAVES.

DARKNESS AT NOONTIDE.

AM I awake, or do I dream ?
Are things around me as they seem ?
This steady, ceaseless, surging motion,
Like billowy heavings of the ocean—
That drifts me onward, ever on,
As ship with mast and rudder gone ;
Sometimes for better, much for worse,
Like poetaster making verse.

Yes, I but dream ! The world around
Is to my life a world of sound ;
Nor always that. I've seen it still
And whisperless. The Whippowil
Had ceased its notes, and every bird
And every beast, from far and near,
Was silent. Not a sound was heard
From human lips, but instant fear
Possessed creation as it stood
Breathless and pulseless: lake and wood.

The sun from out the deepening blue
His arrowed hosts of light withdrew,
And sudden awful darkness came ;
So dark I could not find it name,
Nor aught comparison could find.
No words can picture it. The blind,
Born to their fate, must ever be
Blind to such change, such destiny.

And since that storm my life's bereft
Of half its charms. All light is cleft
From out the universe. Not one
Of all the stars, that nightly run
Their silent, silvery course in air—
Which, as the psalmist said, declare
God's glory—speaks one word to me.
A dark, mysterious, changeless sea,
Like that which men of science think
Lies just outside earth's atmosphere—
And other worlds—envelopes all ;
And into these vast depths of ink
I sunk, with something of that fear
Which did the evil hosts befall,
When, keeping not their first estate,
Were from their birthright radiance driven :
In chains of darkness long to wait
The just decree of injured Heaven.

I can but dream !—Nor is it strange
For one whose intellect could range
The verdant earth and radiant sky,
And look with ever wondering eye
Upon God's creatures, everywhere,
That roam the fields, or wing the air ;
But most on those of his own kind
Who image of His glory bear—
When doomed to be forever blind.

The fearful storm that swept my world
Of fact and fancy, and me hurled
From heights where towering sunlight shines
Down into subterranean mines,
Where naught but darkness loves to dwell,
Long since has passed. I marked it well !
And all these years, that move so slack
Upon their long and beaten track,
Like serpent with ill-jointed back,
Have wriggled on and off again.
They said to me, as if in jest,
We bear on our unwelcome breast
The strong and hopeful, able men,
But you may stand aside and rest.
You know (they laugh'd) it would not do
To give them death that for it sue—
Grim death's a terror, has a sting,
But can to you no evil bring.

'Tis o'er ! The thunder and the flash,
The earthquake shock, the ponderous dash
Of furious tempest, hail and rain,
But yet the dire effects remain.
When other storms have swept the earth
With devastation fierce and wild—
They've cleared, and where before was dearth,
Sprung quickly, joyous, living green,
And nature in all phases smiled :
And kinder, better days were seen.

Would God it were so in my case !
That out of this deep dungeon place,
Wherein my tortured soul remains
Still struggling with its giant chains,
This soul might rise, elate and free
To grasp again those rays of light,
Which from the first wrought day from night,
And pour their floods eternally
On all who have the eyes to see.

Unhappy fate ! But then I trow
I'd rather be as I am now :
Deprived of sight, and doomed to grope
My journey through, without one hope
Of ever seeing, than to be
Like multitudes of men I meet,
Who cast a pitying look on me,
And deem their happiness complete
When outward sight is all they've got.
This brings them clothing, food and drink ;
But they have never stopped to think
Of higher joys : their lives must rot,
Their memories perish when they're dead ;
Their bodies are the only thing
That can remembrance of them bring—
When these are buried, all is fled.



THE STORM.

HEAVY and harsh falls the rain on the roof,
Dismal and dread are the echoes within ;
Turbid and deep all the well-springs of life,
Flowing through channels of darkness and sin.

Strangely uncertain the fortunes of life—
Helpless and weak we step into earth's shades ;
Folly is youthtime, despair is old age—
Manhood a struggle 'gainst poverty's raids

Tossed to and fro on this treacherous sea :
Maelstroms and breakers, a death-rolling tide—
Beacon-lights glimmer, then pall into night ;
Shorn by the tempest we rudderless glide.

Slackens the rain, and the sunshine breaks through—
Tinges the storm-clouds with silver and gold ;
Fairer and brighter each moment the view :
So does my heart grow courageous and bold.



PENN DENNIS.

*P*ENN DENNIS was a man who lived away
From all the busy scenes of civic life ;
Nor did he e'er possess a wish to stray
From rural haunts, except when urged by wife
Or noisy children, when, to cease from strife,
And have a moment's peace, he would consent :
And then declare, at home 'tis war to knife ;
I go, but you, "old lady," will repent—
You and the young ones here are all hell bent.

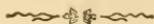
Then he, like others, whom they call hen-pecked,
Who bluster and of courage make a show—
Altho' their fiery passions soon are checked,
On seeing wife for tongs and hammer go—
Starts out, nor dares, "for worlds," to answer no.
He takes old Dobbin from his pleasant stall—
Who, like his master, hates to travel so,
And gears him to the heavy carry-all :
Then shouts, "come on !" as loud as he can bawl.

His horse and wagon and his living load
Are all the poor man has on earth to love ;
Nor does the hope his lagging spirits goad
That he shall meet these in the world above.

'Tis just as well, perhaps: it might not move
Him much, to change this for that better sphere.
He fondly hopes hereafter he may rove,
Free from all earthly scenes, and he may hear
No more of earth, that now distracts his ear.

They start ! the clattering wagon drowns in part
Discordant words, and jangling infant's howl.
Then varied scenes their genial warmth impart,
And from all faces dissipate the scowl—
As adverse winds evolve fair skies from foul ;
And when they reach the busy, boisterous town,
A draught of comfort from the flowing bowl
Puts all corroding sorrows further down,
And Dennis feels like one of high renown.

Meanwhile, his wife and daughters seek the store,
Where yard :stick knights obsequious vigils keep,
And into willing ears their flatteries pour—
And thereby oft a *wondrous* harvest reap,
Not for necessities, but things *so cheap* !
Which, notwithstanding, makes poor Dennis stare
And with another glass his senses steep—
Then filled with drink, oppressed by caustic care,
He hurries home, and curses all things there.



CONSOLATION.

SWEET consolation !—glorious gift,
The darkest clouds are often rift
And settled griefs obliged to shift
Their quarters at thy magic touch.
There are some trials to be sure
That we mundaners must endure,
But we may find a speedy cure
And consolation for all such.

Why fill our hearts with anxious woe
Because the Chinese will not go ?
Our land might swarm with tribes more low
If all these Chinamen were gone.
What if old-country people come
By ship loads, need we fret and foam ?
We came here first, and we're at home—
Let them “ go west ” as we have done.

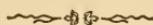
Why vex ourselves, as brethren do,
To what extent the wicked rue
Their misdeeds, here their future due
Will be all we would like to bear.
It may be wise to foster fear,
It checks oftentimes our wild career ;
But more of love our hearts would cheer,
And spice and season life's rough fare.

Such salutary thoughts as these,
Employed good Deacon Like to-please,
When, to his great delight, he sees
“ Pendennis' relic ” in her weeds.
There ! thought the Deacon, there's my chance—
These godly views I will advance,
It will my gifts and joys enhance :
Besides, 'tis what the poor thing needs.

'Tis sad, dear sister, Deacon said,
That we are called to mourn the dead,
But consolation's light is shed
O'er every dark and devious way—
Life's journey soon with us is o'er,
On spirit-wings we then may soar
Away, to meet those gone before
And share with them eternal day.

Soon as we lose this vital spark
We leave this world, so drear and dark,
And join at once—Land ! Deacon, hark !—

I cannot stand that anyhow.
Your consolation tortures me ;
Your future's dark as dark can be—
My husband I can never see,
His first wife's got him long 'fore now.



THE DIFFERENCE.

 would like well to know if beyond the bright stars,
In that radiant kingdom of glory and bliss,
The people have feelings akin to our own,
And act them in that world as we do in this.

Do the angelic beings have titles and caste,
Or stations of influence measured by birth ?
When a poor one comes in is he always obscure,
Or a Jack at-a-pinch as he finds it on earth ?

Have they high and low churchmen with "Doxies" for guides,
With "Hetero" for your dox and "Ortho" for mine ;
Do the preachers form riugs for protection up there,
And the laity sometimes their betters malign ?

The multitudes think they are in the straight way—
"Old school" and "new school" gaily flourish their passes ;
The heterodox sinner and orthodox saint,
The stately and poor, with odd chicks of all classes.

All going to heaven ! a strange, motley crowd—
The Romanist, Protestant, Mormon, and Jew !
Some mumbling their worship, and some shouting loud,
But agreed in one thing, that none other is true.

If society changes and church lines fade out,
Placing worth in the front and pretence in the rear,
There will be such a singular jostling about,
Twould be well to be making some "slight" changes here.

There is one fact, at least, that we may as well learn—
That all earthly distinctions will stand in derision,
When the Judge of the Earth to His ledger shall turn
To balance accounts for the final decision.



OUR PLEDGE.

 mourn with the deepest of sorrow,
The course I have so long pursued ;
From my own vital fund strength to borrow,
And thus on the future intrude.

Oh ! why was I left in my madness,
To wander in darkness and gloom ?
When my cup might have o'erflowed with gladness,
Instead of this bitterest doom.

The azure above seems so dreary—
It has shut out the last hope of grace,
And my eyes turning upward grow weary,
While a death hue steals over my face.

But, hold ! there's a rift in the heavens—
A vision of glory I see :
And a voice the whole universe leavens,
Is whispering mercy to me.

It says, “son of earth, why despairing;
Why art thou forever cast down?
Heard ye not of the mansions preparing;
Know ye not of the palm and the crown?”

“Heard ye not of the sacrifice given;
The vicarious suffering and cross?
When communion with heaven was riven
To man’s irretrievable loss.”

How a plan of most marvelous beauty
Was devised to wipe out the disgrace—
Placing man in the pathway of duty,
With hope at the end of the race.

And this plan, so consistent with reason,
With justice and mercy and love,
Reaches downward to man in his treason,
With a passport to favor above.

It stoops to the lowest condition
Of vice, degradation, and shame,
And to help man to gain manumission
The Spirit of holiness came.

With Its aid, son of earth, once more gather
Thy energies up for the strife—
Turn, turn, to the Infinite Father,
Like the prodigal son, for thy life!

Flee at once all vile habits of body,
Speed thee back from the precipice edge;
Weave no longer these garments of shoddy,
But white robes, with this abstinence pledge.

IN MEMORIAM.

[PROF. HIRAM COLLIER.]

HOU art gone, and we mourn thee, youth's dearest instructor,
Companion of manhood and prop of old age ;
Thou hast fought the good fight, and thy life's work is over,
God crowns thee a hero, man crowns thee a sage.

In years thou wert young, yet in deeds thou wert aged,
The gray hairs of wisdom hid mantled thy brow ;
But thy great loving heart beat with freshness of youth-time,
And could never to pain or infirmity bow.

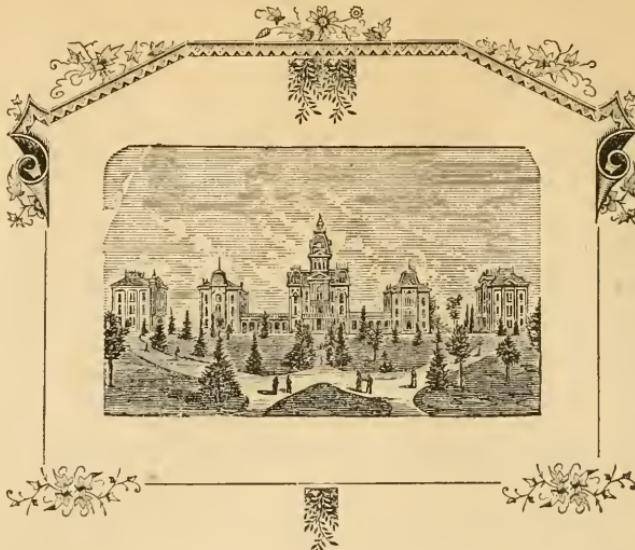
A marvel of worth, with a mind keen and ready—
A heart that was quick to respond to each call :
The mainspring of life so well balanced and steady—
The seal of perfection seem placed upon all.

And why was it thus ? when the home and the college,
The church and the prayer-circle needed his aid—
With fond hearts and fond hopes crushed and blighted forever,
O why was the hand of the spoiler not staid ?

Sad the answer: alas ! 'tis the doom of the earthly,
The cold hand of fate points us all to this goal ;
E'en the Son of the Heavenly entered death's portal,
To light up the way to the home of the soul.

Faint gleams of that light cheer our desolate pathway,
And wring our consent to the loss we deplore ;
They tell us of lands that no clouds overshadow,
Of reunion and rest for the weary in store.

'Twas this faith in the future that buoyed up our brother :
It smoothed down his pillow of anguish and pain,
For though losing this world he was sure of another
Where the faithful a blissful existence obtain.



OUR ALMA MATER.

[HILSDALE COLLEGE].

HAPPY to day is our dear Alma Mater—
Queenly she sits on her green college throne :
Sees from the distance her children returning ;
Joy thrills her bosom to welcome her own !

Bravely these absent ones stepped from her threshold—
Stern was the fortune some pathways beset ;
But the dear thought of the eyes that still watched them,
Nerved every heart for the conflicts it met.

“*Virtus tentamine gaudet*,” her motto—
This, the grand watchword, their courage upstaid :
Brought them success out of fainting disaster ;
Steeled them for battle, where rights were betrayed.

Sweet the beginning, sweeter still the returning,
Thus may we hopefully work to the end :
Work till the dawn of that better “ Reunion,”
Up to whose welcome we wait to ascend.

STAR OF OUR HOPE.

I was tossed all alone on a shoreless sea,
And the storm was abroad over its fathomless deep—
While the heavens above seemed o'erhung with a pall,
And the sentinel stars were all dead or asleep ;
And I said, O where is there hope for me,
For the storm is wild and the tempest free ?

But the storm fiercely raged in its fury and might,
And the blackness of darkness enshrouded me still—
While the bellowing thunders re-echoed their groans,
And the demons of death seemed to roam at their will,
And I cried, O God ! look in pity on me,
For no refuge on earth from Thy wrath can I see !

Soon there came a lull in the turbulent scene—
The terrible darkness was cleft in twain,
The thunders were hushed, the billows were stayed,
The death-dirge was changed to a living strain—
When a star beamed forth so gloriously
That I said, can it be that this change is for me ?

Then in tones far richer than angels wake,
Or the song of the stars at Creation's birth,
A voice broke forth in the rapturous words—
“ Look unto me, O son of earth,
When the trials of life are too bitter for thee !
I am thy hope and thy destiny.”

Since that dreary and weary and watchful night,
And its radiant morning so calm with hope,
I have tenderly pondered the words of my Lord,
And when with the storms of life I cope,
I never look down with distrust to the sea—
But joyfully up, where my future shall be !

HEALTH AND TEMPERANCE.



GOD, Thou art God ! and there is none beside Thee :
Immutable justice and wisdom are Thine—
And though oftentimes the nations of earth have defied Thee,
Thy mercy and love undiminished doth shine.

O why should frail man in his folly upbraid Thee,
And curse Thee for evils his own hand hath wrought :
When his own stubborn will was the buckler that staid Thee
From filling his life with rich blessings unsought.

The laws of the universe, (methods of forces)
Evolved from Thy presence its movements to guide ;
Not only to orbit the worlds in their courses,
But even for man's petty wants to provide,

Were ordained for all good ; without them confusion
And chaos would reign : all science and art,
And morals and physics, would be an illusion,
And knowledge on most points no one could impart.

(Addressing my fellows)—these laws are perverted,
We daily transgress them, as all of us own,
And when evils result, we hear it asserted—
“ God's ways are inscrutable, wholly unknown.”

And so it may be, in the sense of the poet,
In mystery moving His ways to perform,
But when we transgress, the most stupid should know it—
The consequence follows until we reform.

The pains we thus suffer are wholesome restrictions,
Are blessings disguised—as our grandams would say—
Meeting every transgression and all derelictions
Of duty whenever we happen to stray.

'Tis the kind of a blessing that came to Sir Weaver,
And his reprobate family, Mrs. Weaver and all,
They were chiding and cursing religion, and never
Had listened one moment to charity's call.

Well, it fell out at length that one son was snake-bitten—
Did the bite kill the snake ! well, our s'ory don't tell ;
But the doom of poor Bill was undoubtedly written,
And the preacher was called that his end might be well.

O God, said the preacher, praise is due Thee, forever,
For rattle snakes, "sorgers," and beasts of that cast :
Accept, Lord, our thanks for this bite of Bill Weaver,
Which brought him to see his condition at last.

We pray Thee to set a big snake on the father,
And give the "old woman" of treatment the same :
Bite Tom, and bite Jim, 'till to Thee they shall gather—
For nothing *but snakes* can the Weavers reclaim.

When these sufferings and pains have served all their function,
To make us reform, and it's deemed of no use—
They rally and strike with a parting injunction
To prepare for a state that is free from abuse.

So we argue for temperance, for peace and right living,
That our lives may be prosperous, happy and long ;
And instead of lamenting, be full of thanksgiving
To the Author of Good, who can never do wrong.



THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE.

E stood at the telephone bell,
With a wish to converse with his wife ;
But the far-away voice seemed so strange
That he could not decide for his life.

So he asked for more definite proof,
That the voice which he heard was her own:
Tell me something domestic, said he,
That we, and we only, have known.

It chanced when the test was applied,
That a storm-cloud was hovering near,
And it, too, had a message to give,
That played on the wire to his ear.

When picked up from his swoon he declared
That the proof was too strong to demur:
'Twas the light of experience to him—
It was her!—*yes, indeed!* it was her!



RICHES.

HE sunset tinged the lowering clouds,
And gave to them a golden hue—
While modest stars stole softly out
The tranquil twilight scene to view.

I stood bewildered at the sight,
Then said, “ though poor and scarcely known,
This gorgeous sunset, lovelit sky
And beauteous landscape are my own.”

Yes, they are mine! The sun by day,
The stars that spangle evening’s dome:
The air I breathe, all nature’s gifts—
Though wealth deny me lands and home.

Why not content? The rich have cares,
Anxieties, I cannot know—
The eyes of envy at them glower:
Crime scents their steps where’er they go.

And this because of hoarded wealth,
The which some honest men admired,
And wrought with persevering skill
Till they had much of it acquired.

Nay, not so fast, they poorer grew—
For none have much who crave for more ;
He who is satisfied is rich
With scarce a gleam of shining ore.

Wealth gives unrest. The miser's soul
And body, too, with labor groans !
One millionaire was, after death,
Obliged to travel in his bones.

Brings luxury ! The land and sea—
Each silvery stream and wild-wood glen
Must ravished be, to ornament
Or feast those pampered sons of men.

The brute creation hangs its head
For very shame, to see mankind
Glutton in vast variety ;
Then turn created wants to find !

For them one kind is bountiful,
Supplying all their needs and wishes :
Giving us hint, who pray for bread,
With hope 'twill come in dainty dishes.

Thus does great wealth become a snare,
And poverty ensnares men, too :
Give me but strength to earn my bread,
With God to bless whate'er I do.

HOW WE MANAGE HARD TIMES.

 **M**Y wife is an excellent sleeper,
Which is more than most husbands can say ;
While asleep it takes nothing to keep her,
And we save quite a bit in that way.

The coal in the snug stove burns slowly
Through the long night and part of the day,
And the rich will agree with the lowly,
To save fuel these "hard times" will pay.

The tramps and the beggars came often
For coffee and something to eat ;
Their prayers would a miser's heart soften,
Their tones are so plaintive and sweet.

But now, since dear wife took to sleeping
So late, all this trouble is o'er :
They conclude we've relinquished housekeeping,
And call for their breakfast next door.

What's more ! since these late naps have blessed her,
Wife is dumb as a *woman* can be !
And four hours in the morning of rest, sir,
From all strife is a blessing to me.

So taking these things all together,
I think it is safe to advise
That to sleep through hard times and cold weather
Is a counsel you need not despise.

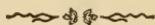
HYMN OF PRAISE.

SPirit invisible, around as above me,
Speak Thou in pity, dear Lord, to my heart;
Friendless I must be if Thou should'st not love me—
Heir of a kingdom, if grace Thou'l impart.

Cheered by Thy presence, life seems worth the living—
Light in the darkness and hope in despair;
Honor and praise to Thee angels are giving,
May I not join with them, praise to declare?

Works of creation are full of Thy Glory—
Sun, moon, and stars, and the earth, all rejoice;
All but the human heart echoes the story—
Chilled and depraved by sin it has no voice.

Then, though my accents be feeble, don't chide me;
Think of the depths, Lord, through which I have come:
Let me be loved of Thee, what else betide me,
Then shall my weary feet rest in Thy home.



COUNSEL TO THE YOUNG.

NEVER laugh or make sport of the trials of others,
Misfortune may have you as deep in its clutches:
Remember mankind are your sisters and brothers,
'Tis like beating a cripple to death with his crutches.

Don't whisper in company, nor do all the talking—
Nor be too familiar, such things bring contempt;
Nor converse with your neighbor, across the street walking—
From "cant phrases" and "by-words" be always exempt.

Hold your temper ; don't ever get into a passion

If others unwittingly hedge up your way :

Don't be in a hurry to ape every fashion

In wearing apparel or what you may say.

Be kind to the poor, your wealth is but lent you,

We are stewards of all, as the scriptures have said ;

Give respect to the aged, nought but death can prevent you

From treading the pathway they tremblingly tread.

Hasten not to be rich: seek improvement and study—

True riches consist in the wealth of the mind ;

Keep cheerful, and then to be healthy and ruddy

Be not to your appetites basely inclined.



VACATION.



WHY has the clock of the College run down,

And why is its neighborhood breathlessly still ;

Not a man is astir, not a woman is heard—

E'en the breezes float languidly over the hill.

A dead calm ! since the storm of Commencement is fled :

That storm which for months had been surging and beating
Through chapel and hall, over campus and streets,

The rest of the nervous incessantly cheating.

What a change ! As the bees in the tropics forget,

Or discover it useless to store up their food,

So our clocks all ran down : and the chapel and church

Did our worship so well we forgot to be good.

Of course we are willing to take up the cross ;

But the clock in the steeple why let it run down :

We ought to have one dear reminder at least

Of the Dame on the hill who supported the town.

VACATION OVER.

BEHOLD ! Astonished be and live !
Our life-blood starts, all bosoms thrill—
A resurrection day has come,
A nation's born to College Hill.

Where all before was sad and drear—
Where briers grew instead of roses :
Where human beings scarce appeared,
And then to look straight down their noses,

Is joyous mirth and flowering Spring—
The dullest hearts loud praises singing ;
E'en the “great clock” has started in,
In ponderous tones its welcome ringing.

As when the hosts of Roderick Dhu,
His signal heard, and rallied all :
So this great host (in nobler cause)
Have answered to their matron's call.

And still they come ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
The side-walks bend beneath their tramp—
Instructor, student, 'lumnus too :
There's Bailey with his Astral lamp !



OUR BAND OF HOPE.

AND you, our valiant Band of Hope,
The pride and promise of our nation,
We trust that you'll have strength to cope
With every demon-like temptation.

You've crossed the rubicon the fates
Had rolled before you in your cradle—
The whisky slings and opiates,
And knick-knacks from the nurse's table.

You're standing on your stalwart feet,
And they are in the path of honor—
That leads to virtue's blest retreat,
Don't halt nor turn your back upon her.

Seek only joys of pure delight
That from the temperance bowl are flowing;
All other pleasures pall and blight,
The foulest curses oft bestowing.

Now you have learned the way to live,
You must the light impart to others—
To freely take and freely give
Becomes you, as a band of brothers.

There's work enough for all to do,
Don't fold your aims 'till we shall finish :
Rum-sellers yet may find that you
Have power to make their trade diminish.

Your numbers are not large, we know,
But one sometimes a thousand chases :
And when we strike for right, each blow
The stubborn foe still more disgraces.

And you who have the care of youth—
Ye parents, guardians, and teachers,
Fling high and wide the flag of truth,
Till it shall wave o'er all God's creatures.

Let all who love our cause fight on :
Beyond the strife there's rest and glory—
And when life's battles all are won,
We'll sing in heaven the joyful story.

Dear friends, we're glad to meet you here,
In this our Union Temperance Meeting—
You who have gathered far and near
With joyful hearts our good cause greeting.

Come up, we say, and join our ranks—
At home, abroad, all mischief noting,
And when rum-devils play their pranks,
Just quash their schemes by honest voting.



IRISH LOGIC.

“YOU'RE too late at your work, sir !” said Mr. O'Neil,
One day to his servant, “it isn't just right.”
“By me faith, that is so !” says Pat, “never yez mind,
I'll be lavin' ye airly enough, sure, to night.”

Said Mr. O'Neil, “that is not what you mean ;
You must work so much later to earn the same pay.”
“Och !” says Pat, “I will niver commit sich a trick,
To be making two lates for yez, both in one day.”



IMPUDENCE

HOW strange the thought that men forget
That they from common dust were taken,
When by their looks and vulgar speech
'Tis plain to see they're not half shaken.

Why should a man put on fine airs,
And strut and gobble like a turkey—
And read his title clear to fame
When sharper eyes discern it murky.

You'd think to see these fools parade,
That they know all that's worth the knowing,
And when they die they'll take from earth
Her wisdom, to the place they're going.

It happened but the other day,
That a poor man, who lisps and stutters,
Was bluffed, and made to feel his lack
By one of these confounded strutters.

Our friend was stammering out his thought
When "Windy" to the circle drifted,
And bluntly said, "he wants to know
Why Balaam's ass with speech was gifted ?"

"Fret not yourself," a wag replied,
"That question, sir, needs not to floor him—
Old Balaam stuttered like himself,
And so the ass spake out before him!"

So when we see good sense put down,
Where bluster for sound learning passes,
We must conclude, as did our wag,
We've heard from one of Balaam's asses !



NEWLY FLEDGED.

JENDEAVOR, so far as I'm able,
To encourage the true and the right :
To use due restraint at the table,
And be cheerful, and sunny and bright.

But, alas ! for poor, frail human nature,
It is fickle and faulty, no doubt :
And we seem to be bound in a fate sure,
That is destined to wheedle about.

Alas ! for the curse of the passions,
Or rather the way they are used :
We follow the world and its fashions,
And thus our high nature's abused.

Overcome, overcome, says the Spirit !
By which we may fairly infer—
If not perfect, we may get so near it,
No lust will our progress deter.



LINES TO MY WIFE.

 THOUGHT of you , wife, as I climbed o'er the hills,
And when I reclined by the murmuring streams:
And the thought of you, dearest, my bosom yet thrills,
By-day in sweet fancies, by night in soft dreams.

And when the fair hills have all vanished for aye,
And the music of brooklets no more greets the ear ;
On the pinions of love we will soar far away,
To be parted no more in Eternity's sphere.

'Tis a beautiful thought, and the dearest I know,
That another, whose love will not cease at the tomb,
Is with me in spirit wherever I go,
In prosperity's glare, or adversity's gloom.

Sometimes in our journey, the pitiless world—
Proud as Satan at heart, and as brainless as stone,
Has frowned on our course and anathemas hurled ;
But you've stood like the rock where the sea foam is thrown.

Sweet spirit of love, as I think of you now,
Far away from my presence, for life from my sight,
Tears of tender relief ease my pale, aching brow,
And I feel that an angel has stooped in his flight.

Like the carriage that bore me away from your side,
Words are merely rough coaches to carry our thought;
So I'll now cease their use and leave you to decide
How I feel, by the feeling within your heart wrought.



ODE TO THE ST. LAWRENCE

MAJESTIC, mighty, most sublime
Of all the streams that enter ocean !
Twin sister of the tide of Time,
To dwell on thee, I've quite a notion.

All who have seen thy rolling waves,
Unless, perchance born in their hearing,
Have felt poetic thoughts arise,
And into noblest numbers steering.

So I, in deference to the rule :
Better be dead than out of fashion,
Will ponder—pummel all my powers—
And then, Pegasus-like, I'll dash on.

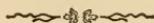
O wary, winsom, mystic Muse !
Thy kindly face turned toward me ever ;
But anyhow, beam brightly now,
Lest I disgrace this rolling river.

A writer on Niagara Falls
Complained his head grew giddy thinking ;
Rich Tide, could he thy grandeur see,
He'd doubtless reel like he'd been drinking.

Thou hast Niagara in contempt ;
Your actions show you never knew her.
A giddy, girlish seamstress she,
Of all the lakes, thou art the *sewer*.

A thousand crafts and numerous rafts
Thy bouncing bosom are bedecking ;
Rich, rocky reefs and *waterfalls*
Fond fellows' hearts are often wrecking.

But go thy way, thou fickle maid,
Thy former friends each hour forsaking.
One heart, at least, is on thee staid,
Though not so fond of conquest making.



LINES ADDRESSED TO A MOUNTAIN.

VAST, eternal realms of dirt,
With silken, silvery snows begirt !
To outward view thou art sublime ;
Within, you scarce deserve my rhyme.

A whitèd sepulcher thou art !
Bright to the view, but dead at heart.
The royal robes around thee furled
But hide sharp edges from the world.

Thy glories have all poets sung,
Their brains belabored, heart-strings rung,
That they might see and feel thy might,
Thy praise in noblest numbers write.

And thou art worthy of their meed !
Beyond their dreams thou'rt great indeed ;
For thou hast grown exceeding high :
Thy soaring summits prop the sky.

But is there virtue, after all,
In having grown so mighty tall ?
Convenience, comfort would suggest
A broader and a lower crest.

The eagle builds on thee his nest—
(A proud and ugly bird at best):
Thou givest him a welcome home,
And all his friends who wish to come.

This kindly courtesy to friends
Will, for some coldness, make amends ;
So, in the breast of all mankind,
A tender place you'll always find.

You see, that after all, old friend,
I criticise with liberal end.
Thou'rt handled daintily so much,
Thou wilt enjoy this rougher touch.

As children, pampered, sent from home,
Abroad upon the earth to roam,
With rougher treatment, caustic cares,
Grow brave, and lose their pettish airs ;

So I intend this for thy good—
(I scarce could be in milder mood);
'Twill be thy gain to find some change
Of conduct in thy rustic range.

Good-by, Old Mountain, we must part ;
I will not fold thee to my heart
As some have done : 'twill not thee please—
Besides, it might my feelings freeze.

But I will leave thee to thy fate—
Admired, caressed by all the great ;
Assuring thee 'twill be a treat
A trusting, truthful friend to meet.



ODE TO THE SEA.

THE sea, the sea, the wonderful sea !
A world of itself, in a musical glee :
Seizing the minds of the poets with awe,
Gorging poor wrecks in its merciless maw !

Thou art, indeed, of superior worth :
Cleansing the atmosphere, wafering the earth ;
Giving to commerce its earliest seat—
Furnishing monsters dead sailors to eat.

Well did the poet say : “ Chainless art thou ! ”
None but the Master e'er calmed thy rough brow.
Thou art a monarch, of world-wide domain,
And thy bowels are full of the bones of thy slain.

Thou hast rich treasures of silver and gold
Hid in thy bosom, beyond man's control ;
Empires of wealth, sunk in watery strife—
Robbing mankind all the days of thy life.

Commerce now flings her white sails o'er thy main ;
The sailor rejoices in freedom again ;
He's at home on his craft, and he blesses Old Nick,
While the landsman below deck is horribly sick.

But a truce to this strain—I must bid you good bye,
For my thought wings its flight through the measureless sky
To a sea of pure crystal, whose waters shall roll
Through Eternity's sphere, in the home of the soul.

There the silvery tide of the River of Life,
Murmurs sweetly of rest from all discord and strife.
Never more shall the saints Time's dark avenues tread,
For the earth and the sea have disclosed all their dead.

Ah ! here is true grandeur and infinite might,
Gazed on by the blest with unwearied delight ;
'Tis too much, Fancy falters, it cannot remain,
It droops back to earth and life's ocean again.



TO THE MEMORY OF HAUY.

[FOUNDER OF INSTITUTIONS FOR THE BLIND, PARIS, 1780.

HOU great Apostle for the Blind,
(France never gave degree more apt)—
To thee 'twas given to bear the light
To souls in twofold darkness wrapped.
3

Thy cause was one where noble work
By stern abiding faith was led—
Which oftentimes took thy simple fare,
Nor aught of substance wrought instead.

The multitudes who, in hot haste,
The rugged road to honor run,
Will, for a time, ignore all ease,
And press the battle till it's won.

But here was energy and will,
With heart from every lust refin'd—
A sacrifice, eclipsed by none,
Save His, who died for all mankind.

A few years since, Columbia's land
Was jubilant with praise and mirth—
Loud rang the shouts for Washington,
Whose valiant arm gave Freedom birth.

'Twas well ! Had I a thousand tongues,
I'd tune them all to Freedom's lyre—
And when its noblest notes I struck,
Thy name, my song would most inspire.

Yes, thou wert mighty to redeem,
Not from a human tyrant's chain ;
But tyrant darkness, in whose grasp
The spirit fettered must remain.

Wherever now, upon our earth,
Philanthropists their rights proclaim,
Schools for the blind are grandly reared,
And thousands taught to bless thy name.



SONG OF THE WORKERS.

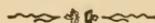
WE are a royal Temperance Band,
By faith and works cemented—
Our object, is to rid the land
Of beverages fermented.

The subtle serpent of the still
Had wreathed his charms around us ;
But we have risen with a will
And burst the chains that bound us.

From our misfortunes we have learned,
Dear school (but good moreover)—
That we should leave no stone unturned,
Which may a serpent cover.

Our leaders watch the wily foe
With vigilant inspection :
Our power as temperance men we'll show
At town and state election.

We'll rally for the cause we love—
Let cowards prate and prattle ;
But our fair flag shall wave above
The smoke and din of battle.



WHEN I AM OLD.

*W*HEN I am old ! How brief the space
Between the wish, and its obtaining—
We scarce life's dusty road have sought,
Ere we the end are quickly gaining.

When I am old ! What shall it be ?
The joys of youth shall be a burden :
I'll lay aside earth's tinselry,
And press toward the heavenly guerdon.

When I am old ! How few can think
To make the needed preparation ;
They stand at once upon death's brink,
Beyond the reach of reparation.

When I am old ! Ah ! while I speak,
The murky mists of age surround me :
I'm going now, good-bye—I'm gone !
Death's icy hand hath surely found me.

WORK AND PRAY.

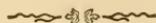
[TEMPERANCE SONG.]

THERE'S nothing new in all around me:
The same old routine still appears—
My habits fixed, in chains have bound me,
I seem engulfed in doubts and fears.

Intemperance, like a fiend infernal,
Will dog my footsteps to the grave :
I've sought the aid of the Eternal,
Yet more for earthly spirits crave.

I'll summon all my powers, God-given,
To rise and strike one final blow :
Then, through my tears, I'll ask high Heaven,
To grant nepenthe from this woe.

'Tis done ! I feel my strength renewing—
God's power the serpent's head can bruise :
Ho ! ye who stagger down to ruin,
Turn quickly back, nor help refuse.



SONG OF THE HEART.

THY beauty and freshness, my darling, are faded,
And silvery tresses encircle thy brow—
The step of thy youth-time life's journey has jaded,
And thy form, once so proud, shows infirmity now.

(CHORUS).—But the heart of my darling is buoyant as ever,
Its beauty and graces have grown still more fair :
Its ties of affection naught earthly can sever—
Its truth and its virtue no age will impair.

The prospects around us, were bright when we started,
Nor aught could we see that might e'er bring distress;
But the prospects turned traitor, our hopes proved false-hearted,
And failures oft came where all promised success.

(CHORUS).—But the heart, etc.

But the heavens above us were not always darkened—
Our pathway, though thorny, grew roses as well,
And sweet angel voices we heard as we hearkened,
In anthems the triumphs of glory they tell.

(CHORUS).—So the heart, etc.

Then why be content with the world and its pleasures—
Its warmest affections too often turn cold:
The fond faithful heart is the richest of treasures,
Its love cannot change, and it never grows old.

(CHORUS).—And the heart, etc.



THE VICTOR'S SONG.

WE hail with rejoicing our glad manumission
From a power at whose shrine we have shamelessly knelt,
Unlike other serfdoms, our own choice of action,
And a bondage, that body and soul both have felt.

King Alcohol may be the proudest of monarchs,
But his pride is the pride of the angel that fell.
A selfishness, glutting itself on man's ruin;
Denounced by the scriptures and reason as well.

But the God who created us gave to us talents,
And designed us while here all these powers to engage;
We're to foster the right and to drive out the evil—
And drunkenness now is the crime of the age.

Then come to the rescue, ye brave and true-hearted,
Demolish this traffic of death and the grave.
We'll use moral suasion, and strong legislation,
Till the flag of our freedom shall everywhere wave.



ON THE TRAIN.

NORTHROP, I am on the train—
'Tis a grand excursion day—
If I had a bit of brain,
I'd take notes along the way.

But my brain, alas, has left me,
Like the hopes of by-gone years;
Hopes that smiled ere they bereft me,
Turning joyousness to tears.

Oh, the dreary, weary sadness
Of a heart that's forced to drink
From a cup o'erflown with madness,
Of a brain that cannot think.

Scarce alive, yet wildly dreaming
Of a still more direful state,
When, with dissolution teeming,
Every part shall meet its fate.

Thus I sit, and sigh, and wonder,
As I've done for many a year,
When I hear a voice of thunder
Shouting "Tickets," in my ear.



THE DEVIL OUTDONE.

MY fancy, in a midnight revel,
Her pinions plumed to see the Devil !
She found him well, to say the least,
But not a horrid, skulking beast,

As some have said ; but rather he
Was armed with might and majesty—
An angel with prodigious wing,
And visage rare, though somewhat marred
By that strange flight, which, poets sing,
Occurred when he and Michael warred.
His eye intelligence expressed,
And deep resolve yet did not rest
In fixedness, or vacant stare,
As often studious students wear.
But wandered ever, as intent
On some new scheme of mischief bent.
Sometimes he frowned in subtle rage
That made the realms of darkness lower,
And chilled with awe the fiends that wage
With him the strife for murderous power.
Again, as if in cheery mood,
If aught can cheer where naught is good,
He looked with seeming of delight
To a subversion of the right—
A present triumph of his cause
Against the Allwise Sovereign's laws :
Advantage slight, vouchsafed, no doubt,
By the Supreme, to make the rout
Of pride and falsehood, from the field,
The greater, when the foes shall yield,
As yield they must, all in their train—
Those who rebel and foster wrong.
“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again !”
A truthful maxim shall remain,
Though uttered in a poet's song.
Thus sat the Devil on his throne,
By centuries of practice grown
So cunning in his various arts
Of base deception, that all hearts
Would be deceived and led astray,
But for the peaceful, potent sway
Of gracious Truth, and her compeer,
That modest maid of heavenly birth—
Sweet Virtue, who, though loved on earth,

Admired and praised, both far and near,
Is more esteemed than chosen here !
Around, in grand imperial state,
Were gathered prince and potentate,
As if in secret conclave met :
Their armor all with jewels set—
That dazzled in the distant view,
But, nearer, wore a brazen hue,
Or brassy, like their sovereign lord !
I've seen the same, upon my word,
Reflected in the human race.
Take any politician's face,
Who's striving for a chosen place ;
Or sometimes, too, religious men—
Those who can shout, and say "Amen !"
The loudest, and most fondly speak :
Have much of gilt in heart and cheek—
To prove the truth of what I say,
Just pass collection plates their way.
But what within that realm befell,
On this occasion, none can tell,
At least, all keep the secret well.
'Tis said that spirits can commune,
Mind unto mind, without a word,
And so, perforce, I little heard ;
But this I learned, that 'tis absurd,
To deem these beings out of tune
As some declare, and full of strife,
Among themselves. In human life
We have more tumult far than they—
A caucus or town-meeting day :
A great convention—better yet,
Religious circles, when they've met
To do church business, or to set
Old difficulties into shape,
Such stubborn scenes no imps could ape.
Of course I'm not commanding devils,
But 'tis my wish to banish evils.
I take this way to point them out,
In hope reform will come about.

THE DEVIL AHEAD.

WE pull, or drift upon the tide—
The oar that droops will find its side
Has lost momentum, and will be
In rearage through eternity.

He who created us designed
That every faculty of mind
And soul shold have its proper play,
And constant progress mark each day.

A garden, is the youthful breast,
Where germs of loftiest beauty rest,
And from whose quick'ning soil may rise
The fruitage of a Paradise.

But while this gradual growth succeeds,
Eternal vigilance it needs,
Lest he who sows the seeds of death
Shall enter with his blighting breath.

When churches for vacation close,
To give the pastor some repose,
The Devil, with a grin, relates
That he vacation never takes



AFTER ELECTION.

WHAT has become of the clamor and din,
The political lightning and thunder,
That flashed from the pen, and brayed loud from the throat
Of the old and the young—*Lying Wonder.*

Blowp away! Both the faithful and faithless have done,
The newspapers everywhere show it.
The pen of the “croaker” has had its last run,
And the “stump speaker” heard his last “go-it.”

The last word of welcome has gone from the lip
Of the man who "stood treat" till election,
And with it, the smile and warm grasp of the hand,
And the nod of fraternal affection.

They tugged, till they stirred up a sulphurous mess,
Their kettles and schemes were stupendous,
The man in the moon, as he rode o'er our land,
Held his nose, for the stench was tremendous.

The day of election has come, and just gone,
All trials of party surmounted,
Unless we're marched back, as in "Seventy-six,"
To a "judicial" Board to be counted.



THE BLUES.

*A*FTER hours of tiresome walking
*A*o'er a rough and dusty highway,
Through a boiling, blistering sunshine,
Here I rest my weary body;
Glad to find a hearty welcome,
Would my heart, so sad and lonely,
Could find resting like my body;
But 'tis drifting, ever drifting,
Like a ship without an anchor
At the mercy of the Ocean.
Now a fair breeze lulls its pinions,
Then a whirlwind flings it starward
'Till it loses all its bearings
And, for want of chart or compass,
Founders in the hungry billows.
Would some guiding star might greet me,
Just one gleam, from out the gloaming,
Wavering on my darkening pathway,
'Till I find a firmer footing.
Now and then a welcome rifting

In the blackened heavens above me,
And the smile of Him who loves me
Glances through the awful awning;
Then 'tis hid, and darkness eometh,
Wild as chaos, where blind Milton
Saw the Devil stretch his pinions.
Once the joys of faith upheld me
Drinking deeply from its fountain
Draughts that filled my soul with gladness,
Leaving room for naught that's fearful.
But those days of consolation,
(Like the hopes that cheered my youthtime
Smiling sweetly ere they left me
Máking absence, still more empty.)
All are numbered with the bygones,
Just the reason of such trials,
Why this threefold woe, and darkness,
Crushing spirit, soul and body,
I may learn in the hereafter.



WHY SHOULD WE FRET.



WHY should we fret if the world does'nt go
In our most approved way, is too fast, or too slow,
If it pay its obeisance to neighbors next door,
And pass us in silence because we are poor.

CHORUS.—O why should we fret, it will ne'er bring us station,
Nor change us one whit in our social relation,
Let us drive out the blues, and with merriment fill us,
For we'll live till we die if our fretting don't kill us.

Suppose you're in debt, and are anxious to pay,
You have tugged at your engine by night and by day,
But you find you're behind when your schedule is due,
Let your passenger fret, he's as able as you.

CHORUS—O why should we fret, &c.

In short never try any trouble to meet,
But let it cross over to your side the street.
If adversity comes, or a panic prevails,
Just put on the steam, and throw sand on the rails.
CHORUS—O why should we fret, &c.



TO H. I. BURR, ESQ.

 HOW I wish, my dear Squire, in the midst of our hurry,
We could sit down a while to an old-fashioned talk.
Worse than useless it is, all this flutter and flurry,
This running and jumping, when booked for a walk.

We have hurried and scurried, till *your* head is well sprinkled
With silvery down, where the raven once sat;
And *my* visage, dear Squire, is most woefully wrinkled,
And to tell you the truth—lie—truth—lie—I'm as gray as a rat.

We have trudged like old veterans, haven't we, Squire ?
Every phantom that rose we were quick to pursue it;
But alas ! when brought down, there was naught to admire,
So we'll take a short breath—yes—no—yes—no we never will do it.



IDEAL MANHOOD.

 WHERE is the man that is honest and true,
With reason and judgment and charity gifted,
Who can face adverse winds sailing billowy seas,
Or complacently drift till the storm cloud is rifted.

Still more, when prosperity lights up his sky,
And rainbows his future with unnumbered splendors,
Will not, in its glare, stretch unnatural wing,
And droop by the strain which his rashness engenders.

'Twas this sort of man that Diogenes sought,
With lantern, at mid-day! through streets of his city,
Of mind justly balanced 'twixt passion and thought,
Stern for justice and truth, blent with mercy and pity.

But Diogenes traveled in vain for such boon,
No man, in this sense of the word, could he find,
And 'tis said by the sages, that not very soon,
Will this wonder appear in the ranks of mankind.



BYGONES.

 ET bygones be bygones, I say;
Why live over December in May,
And shiver and freeze through its storms—
Cheer up and be merry and warm.

CHORUS.—Don't stand very long to reflect,
Pass on and do better; 'tis clear
Inaction can never protect
You from danger that lurks in your rear.

Just look at one instance, I pray,
Of mishaps that occur by delay,
Where a woman this maxim forgot
And was salted therefor on the spot.

CHORUS.—Don't stand, etc.

In the light of the past we may learn
Our future to shape and discern,
Its breakers and shoals, yet 'tis sin
To waste time over what might have been.

CHORUS.—Don't stand, etc.



HEAVEN.

 NEXPRESSIBLY sweet, to the wayworn and weary,
Is the thought, that release from life's cares will be given,
That beyond this strange blending of joy and of sadness,
Is a blessed retreat, we delight to call heaven.

There are flowers on earth of the rarest perfume,
And landscapes that beckon us joyfully on;
But ere you step in to their delicate maze
Their beauty, and freshness are withered and gone.

The wisest and best have all suffered this feeling,
No balm could be found that afforded relief;
E'en that prophet, and teacher, the God-man and Savior.
Was burdened with sorrow, acquainted with grief.

The laws of his nature he no doubt regarded,
And his faculties must have been free from disease,
And never intending to wrong any other,
No remorse for such conduct his conscience could seize.

Yet, with all his perfections, and freedom from ailments,
Our Lord was not charmed with this life or its pleasures;
While engaged in his mission he constantly pointed
His hearers above, as the place of their treasures.

The eye of the human ne'er saw a view like it,
Nor hath it yet entered man's heart to conceive,
Of the transcendent glories and infinite pleasures,
Awaiting the faithful and those who believe.

In visions the prophets have caught a few glimpses:
A city whose splendor no earthly has known,
With rich pearly gates and with bright golden pavements—
A sea of pure crystal, a glittering throne.

In the midst is a tree with fair fruitage immortal,
Its leaves for the healing of nations designed;
No sickness, nor sorrow can enter those mansions,
And evils that have been, are ne'er brought to mind.

The staff of the pilgrim, the lame, and the aged,
Will be all laid aside, and their need never come;
Blind eyes will be opened, the deaf mutes shout praises,
And all will rejoice when we reach that blest home.

No more the black banner of error and falsehood,
Shall wave its dread folds o'er a sin-stricken world;
But the standard of truth shall be everywhere planted,
And wisdom and peace to the breezes unfurled.

The sneer of the scoffer, the smile of the villain,
And the cant of the hypocrite, all are unknown;
Moral worth is adjudged the true measure of manhood,
And the beggar of earth there a kingdom may own.

Friends parted in tears will be met there forever,
And all shall strike hands with a hearty good will;
Not a sigh will be heard, not a tear drop shall glisten,
But one grand song of triumph the welkin shall fill.

To this end, friendly reader, I trust we are hastening,
Though desiring, of course, each his portion to live;
With a kindly farewell, I will lay down my pencil,
In hope brighter measures the future may give.

REFERENCES AND ADDRESS.

Trimsharp's Account of Himself;

OR, MEMOIR OF H. A. FULLER, THE BLIND LECTURER.

This book contains an account of the author's early life and misfortune. His experience of four years in the Institution for the Blind, New York city; a history of the Institutions for the Blind, and the methods of instruction adopted by them; a sketch of his three years' course of study in Hillsdale College, Michigan, and the way he studied while there; his experience in the lecture field; a number of poems composed by him while on his lecture tours, and several engravings. 12 mo. Nicely bound in cloth, price \$1.00.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

As I have been requested by Mr. Downey, who has had the charge of getting out the first edition of "Trimsharp's Account of Himself" (he knowing that I had read the whole work), to express my opinion of its merits, I most cheerfully comply with his request by saying that I have found the historical part to be exceedingly well written, giving many incidents in his own life, as well as in the lives of several others who, like himself, were deprived of the blessing of sight, that will be found interesting to the general reader; and I am also satisfied that his poems indicate such an adaption of mind to that branch of writing, that it will be well for him to give it his particular attention. And I am willing to risk my reputation as a judge of the wants of the people, by saying that I have not a doubt of his meeting with great success in thus offering these reminiscences to an appreciative public.

A. W. CHASE, M. D.,

Prest. and Supt. of the Ann Arbor Printing and Publishing Company, author of "Dr. Chase's Recipes; or, Information for Everybody," and "Dr. Chase's Family Physician, Farrier, Bee-keeper, and Second Receipt Book."

From the *Commercial Advertiser*, Norwood, N. Y. :— "Trimsharp's Account of Himself," embraces a sketch of his life, and a recital of the difficulties that he surmounted in securing an education, together with a brief history of the education of the blind and their achievements, and a collection of beautiful poems. It will be perused with interest and profit by all who are fortunate enough to secure a copy. * *

* * Mr. H. A. Fuller delivered his lecture on temperance Sabbath evening to a large and attentive audience at the Methodist church. He handled his subject in an able manner, speaking rapidly and holding the close attention of his hearers. His appeals to manhood and reason were very strongly put and had far greater force for conviction than the usual hackneyed stories told for momentary effect. * * *

* * * "Brother Fuller is a man of great energy and perseverance, giving temperance, scientific, and literary lectures. We commend Brother Fuller and his book to all our readers."—*The Citizen*, Moravia.

All communications addressed to

H. A. FULLER, Lecturer,
Hillsdale, Michigan.

Mr. Harvey A. Fuller, the Blind Lecturer, is publishing an edition of his poems, "Stray Leaves." His writings are characterized by purity of style and sentiment, are elevating in their influence, and the reader cannot but feel that there is in them a generous fund of wholesome thought. They will be sent to any address, postpaid, for 25 cents. Address HARVEY A. FULLER, Hillsdale, Mich.—*Hillsdale Business*.



